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DESERER EVENING NEWS.

Half a dozen lines of type may be the link between you and something you want.

PART TWO

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

SATURDAY APRIL 20 1907 SALT LAKE CITY UTAH

FIFTY-SIXTH YEAR

Saturday News Special Service From Lands Across the Sea



Scene in The Marlborough Shelter For Homeless Men. Where London Workmen Earn Their Board and Lodging By Chopping Fire Wood

A Treat Given By The Duchess of Marlborough For The Widows and Children of British Prisoners Last Christmas

Where The Duchess of Marlborough's Home For Prisoners' Widows and Children Will Be Located

IS HARD TO SELL BOGUS ANTIQUES

Mrs. Potter Palmer's Experience And How She Profited by The Same.

BREEZY LONDON GOSSIP.

What Lady Mary Has Seen, and Learned Among the Aristocracy Of the World's Metropolis.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 10.—Dealers in bogus antiques no longer reap the golden harvests from rich Americans they were wont to do. The rich Americans have grown exceedingly wary in the matter of purchasing things whose value is supposed to be greatly enhanced by age. Once bitten they are more than twice shy. They have a greater horror than any other folk of being taken in. Because they feel it is incumbent on them to maintain the national reputation for shrewdness. They are largely responsible for the creation of a new profession here—that of the expert on antiques who gives lessons on how to distinguish between the genuine and the spurious. Mrs. Glasgow, who recently made a triumphal entry into the royal circle, has been taking lessons in this branch of knowledge from Guy Laking, art adviser to her majesty, the queen. I am told that she pays something like \$50 for an hour's tuition and considers the money well invested. Other wealthy women who have no inclination for pursuing such studies themselves will buy nothing in the antique line, however tempting a bargain may be offered them, unless they have first obtained the judgment of a connoisseur.

MRS. PALMER'S METHOD.

That is the method now pursued by Mrs. Potter Palmer. She has paid a high price for the experience which has taught her wisdom. When she trusted to her own judgment shady dealers found her an easy victim. They nicknamed her Mrs. "Pot-o'-money" Palmer. They have dropped that now. They can no longer palm off their fraudulent wares on Mrs. Palmer. In May she will reopen Hampton House, the Mayfair mansion which she leases from the Duke of Abercorn, who is too hard up to maintain a town residence. It is a big place and therein lies its chief charm for Mrs. Palmer, for externally it is on of the plainest—one might even say ugliest—private homes in London. But its rooms are lofty and spacious and lend themselves well to entertainments on a large scale. It has been extensively refurbished. Which means that the bogus antiques are being cleared out and the genuine sort installed in their place.

AMERICAN BELLE.

Several people seem to think Miss Carter, daughter of Ridley Carter of the American embassy, the American belle of the moment. She has been with her mother to several of the big political evening parties and has had an undoubted success. It always means much for a debutante to be reputed engaged to two or three peers' sons, and this has fallen to the lot of Miss Carter, though I know for a fact she is still quite a free. Neil Primrose, Lord Rosebery's second son, has been dancing a good deal with her. This fact has set the gossips talking. She might do worse than marry this younger son. Many people, including his father, think he is cleverer than Lord Dalmeny, his elder brother. There are very few

younger sons in these days who can boast of a magnificent town house in the heart of Mayfair. Such a one belongs to Neil Primrose, who was left it by his grandaunt, the late Miss Cohen, together with a large fortune to keep it up, and help him along in his political career. It is, of course, let, as he does not intend to use it until he marries. Neil Primrose's only little weakness is a desire to have a slight flutter at the tables at Monte Carlo once in a while. He has sufficient discretion, however, to know when to stop.

ANOTHER SUITOR.

Another suitor who has been assigned to Miss Carter is Sir Charles Hartopp, the ex-husband of the present Countess Cowley, a lady who is not received in society since her notorious divorce case. Although Sir Charles is what we call a "good sort" and decidedly popular in what is termed "the Devonshire House set," he is never likely to receive the slightest encouragement from Miss Carter or her parents.

LOOKING BETTER.

Lady Hesketh is, as the phrase goes, "pulling herself together." I have met her about a good deal lately looking much better in health. She has quite got over the first effects of her serious financial losses in the San Francisco earthquake. She is a native of that city, being a daughter of the late Senator Sharon. For some time after the catastrophe in San Francisco it was feared she would retire altogether from society. She lost interest completely in her looks which I think everyone admires, shows a serious condition where women are in such a spot.

BREAK WITH KING.

But for some years past Lady Hesketh and the king have not "talked it off well." I saw her deliberately ignore him at a race meeting at Newmarket when his majesty was undoubtedly watching to catch her eye to raise his hat. Nevertheless, at a big party the other day the Princess of Wales was quite gushing for her—Lady Hesketh. Her royal highness was making close inquiries about the long illness of the American and wound up by saying, "You must come and have tea with us while we are at Frogmore for the Easter holidays."

This makes one think that the future queen of England is about to become gracious to Americans whom hitherto she has so persistently snubbed. The two exceptions being, as I have frequently mentioned, the Duchess of Roxburghe and Lady Paget.

REDUCED WINE ORDERS.

The wine merchants of London are complaining because the reduced orders which they are now favored by the mighty, Edward VII. in a measure responsible for this where men are concerned, while it is generally admitted here that American women are the pioneers of temperance among their own sex in upper class circles.

Fashionable restaurant and swapper hotel proprietors are naturally considerably perturbed, too, at the state of affairs. It was on the wines that much of their profits were made. The other night at supper at the Carlton it was a revelation to see how little wine was consumed. I noticed that at seven tables there was only one at which champagne was drunk. At that one large bottle was used. At the other tables mineral waters and lemonade were the beverages. For nearly two years King Edward has not been allowed to touch champagne. This is a great privation to him, not realizing his great tendency to acidity he knows the importance of not taking it and now confines himself to whisky and brandy. He carries his own whisky about with him and pays handsomely at the hotels for corks. This brand is 10 years old, and warranted not to hurt—if taken in moderation.

Most of the smartest American women over here are for one reason or another rigid teetotalers. Consuelo Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Essex, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck and both her daughters, Mrs. Lulu Harcourt, Mrs. Chamberlain, the Duchess of Roxburghe and the Duchess of Marlborough are among the leaders of society who have made it distinctly bourgeois for a really chic woman to be found with a wine glass in her hand. A few years ago it was quite a common sight to see a young girl indulging in brandies and sodas at tea time. The thing is unheard of now. LADY MARY.

Queen's Scheme for American Duchess.

Later's Condition, on Account of Troubles With Duke, Was Such That Her Friends Became Uneasy—Endangered Her Health, Even Her Life By Earnestness With Which She Engaged in Slum Reform Work.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, April 10.—Consuelo Vanderbilt, Duchess of Marlborough, now practically has completed plans for a unique charity on a big scale. She has done it so quietly that the facts are made known here for the first time. The duchess hasn't joined the directorate of the Church Army as some American papers have been saying, nor is she going to work in its ranks, nor to devote her time and money to it. She has, it is true, given her help to the Army's "firewood department" for several years, but so have many other aristocratic women of England. No, the charity on which she has just embarked is her own. She is the supreme head in planning, in management.

This new benevolent enterprise of the duchess takes the form of a home in London for women and children of a special and previously almost neglected class. They are the wives and children of imprisoned criminals—innocent sufferers for the misdeeds of husbands and fathers—and to make a home for them, or at least some of them, the Duchess of Marlborough has just taken a 21 years' lease of a roomy building in

Edinburgh street, St. Pancras. This is being reconstructed entirely by her orders, and negotiations are in progress for the use of two buildings on either side. When all these have been opened, she has moved their usefulness, the duchess, out of her American millions, may put up special buildings or add to her leases the adjoining houses on the same block.

Next day the Duchess of Marlborough moved with her mother down to No. 6 Banner street, and took over the Church Army's little nucleus as her own, her very own charity. There followed many days of hard office work. And it was on one of these days that the new project of the duchess, now being carried out, was born.

FAMILY TROUBLE.

Readers, of course, are familiar with the family troubles of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. The duchess has the friendship of Queen Alexandra. By marriage she is the Marchioness of Lansdowne, wife of the former foreign minister. She is the acknowledged leader among women in political society. Lady Lansdowne also is a great friend of the queen, and in the midst of the royal duties she has sympathized with the duchess. They have cheered her up and advised her. Soon after the estrangement between the Marlboroughs the queen suggested that the duchess devote her time to hard work in order to get her mind off her troubles. Her mother, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, was with the duchess at the time, and together they went to the Church Army and had a talk with its leader, the Rev. Wilson Carrile. The duchess wanted occupation which would not bring her before the public. Mr. Carrile took her to No. 6 Banner street, St. Luke's, where, in the midst of the city slums, the army has its little branch devoted to the aid of prisoners' wives and families. The work is carried on in a modest way without publicity by Mrs. Hodder, wife of Capt. Hodder, the man in charge of the firewood department of the Church Army.

ASKED TO HELP.

The duchess was asked to help, and help she did. She went feverishly into the work. She bought 200 blankets, 1,000 yards of cotton to be made into sheets and underclothing; boots and shoes—everything, in fact, that Mrs. Hodder said was needed. And she began visiting the wives of the jailbirds. Ricketty stairs in noisome slums she climbed by the score. Dark, evil-smelling and evil-looking alleys and tumble-down rookeries knew her.

Then Mrs. Belmont stepped in and stopped her. It was dangerous work. There was not only fear of infection, but fear that she would give way physically under the heavy self-imposed tasks. There was no thought on the courageous little woman's part of attack, perhaps murder by some drunkard ruffian in that crime-infested district.

It was Christmas time, and though her strenuous work was stopped, the duchess continued being the good angel. She ordered a basket of provisions—real Christmas fare—to be sent to every family on the army's roll whose father was in prison. It will be remembered that the duchess' children, the Marquess of Blandford and Lord Ivor Churchill, were taken away from her by the duke. After Christmas this blow completely overwhelmed her. Occupation for her mind had been taken from her by Mrs. Belmont's insistence on her welfare.

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WERE IN DESPAIR.

Her relatives and her friends were in despair. Again Queen Alexandra came to aid the stricken young American. Her majesty sent for Mr. Carrile. "The duchess is interested in your work among prisoners' families," she said, "say, why not turn it over to her entirely? She is not strong enough to aid as a helper or visitor. But give her this little charity of yours as a nucleus to greater things and she will be too busy directing the affairs and managing them to think of her troubles."

Mr. Carrile immediately followed her majesty's suggestion. In his frankly energetic way he rushed to Sunderland House. The duchess was at luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Belmont. Mr. Carrile joined them. He imparted some of his enthusiasm even to Mr. Belmont.

The duchess doubted if she alone could successfully manage such a charity. "I cannot help that," he said. "It is turned over absolutely to you. Do with it what you will. I have nothing more to do with it. I will help you, of course, if you want advice. But it is yours from now on to do with it as you like."

The queen sent privately for the duchess. The two talked for an hour or more in the comfortable parlors of the duchess' home. The duchess was not as highly-placed ladies—her own.

HARDEST OF WORK.

The entire responsibility, expense and management will be in the hands of the duchess. She will take the aid round, for the whole house was being moved from the Church Army, from the dainty dames of high society, or she may be satisfied with the simple help of the women to whom she has become the guardian and ministering angel.

"559 MAYFAIR."

The other day I visited Banner street. It is long and narrow. It is a mixed street of mammoth modern factories and ancient tumble-down tenement houses. No. 559 is a white wash, is unmistakable. I entered the desker-occupied little office. The first thing that caught my eye was a "busy number" telephone line written in ink and pasted on the wall next the telephone.

The figures "559 Mayfair" stood out from among the score of more plebeian numbers. The duchess was sitting at a desk, and opposite her, sandwiched in between a butcher and baker, was the name "Duchess of Marlborough."

A youth in clean but threadbare suit smiled as I questioned him. "Yes," he said, "that's one of the busiest numbers. Sometimes it's being called a dozen times a day."

Mrs. Hodder, the duchess' lieutenant, and the woman who originated the work for prisoners' families, came to me then and told me the details of the system and of the duchess' work.

Immediate though measured relief is afforded all applicants. The first requisite is generally paying up the back rent and the few shillings for the current rent.

On one occasion when the duchess herself went to settle the rent she already on the sidewalk among their few poor sticks of furniture. There were other piles of household goods being evicted. Police had to be called, because the fathers of two of the families were drunk and fighting hard. These two ladies saw the duchess paying money for her poor lone proteges. They staggered over and demanded money for themselves. Fortunately the police saw the situation in time and rescued the duchess, whom, however, they did not recognize.

AS SOON AS THE RENT IS PAID AND THE little home, however humble, saved to the mother, she is detailed for work in Banner street. She sews—plain sheets of rough mattress covers or sheets or coarse clothing. If she is a good seamstress or develops into one, finer sewing is given her. If unable to use a needle she sorts paper and rags. But at whatever task she is put she is given her dinner and tea and full union wages. Some of the women earn as much as \$5 in the week.

ers' wives sewing, domestic economy, ironing, artificial flower making and such like simple industries.

FINDING A HOME.

For many a day the duchess, Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Hodder drove round in the duchess' motor car, visiting addresses of suitable buildings given them by real estate agents. None suited until Edensleigh street was reached. There are situated some large houses almost under the shadow of the old gray church of St. Pancras. No. 16 was vacant. It contains 14 large rooms, and is four stories in height, in addition to a commodious basement. The two houses on each side are at present occupied though one is "to be let."

So the duchess decided to lease, which she did for 21 years, to run. The tenants of one of the other houses want \$1,000 before they agree to move, and with other little snags in sight. Consuelo has handed the matter over to an agent, and will go ahead with the one house.

The four big rooms now rented in Banner street will be continued until such time as the duchess decides to move everything to Edensleigh street. But her office, the headquarters of her new charity, will be moved at once to No. 16, and there also will be established the employment bureau.

On the register of names to be kept by the duchess, the names of the women, if they can do nothing else, will go into domestic service, knowing full well that their children are being moved, and well cared for at the children's home.

The absence of the duchess in the Riviera during Lent was greatly felt.

Mrs. Hodder carried on the work, but there were anxious inquiries daily for the duchess. Reports were sent to her by the women and children by word of mouth, and for this reason, if no other, the absence of the little Anglo-American aristocrat will be remembered in dingy St. Luke's.

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She knows the women and children by name and her letters bore many a personal message.

In the midst of her absence there came suddenly to Banner street, as her friendly representative, no less a personage than the Princess of Wales, Her royal highness was accompanied by the Countess of Airlie. The princess came late in the day, however, and instead of the duchess' hundred or more women, found but a dozen. She shook hands and talked with each of them. One bright-faced woman, a burglar's wife, was asked how many children she had. "Seven," was her reply. "One more than I," said the princess with a laugh.

The women and children enjoyed the visit of England's princess, but she was not quite a satisfactory substitute, after all, for the duchess.

CHAIRES BYNG-HALL.

THOUSAND MILES IN AN OPEN BOAT

Thrilling Experience of Gallant Young Norwegian Captain And Two of His Men.

ADRIPT IN ANTARCTIC OCEAN.

Eleven Men on a Storm-swept Is. In South Seas Will Probably Soon Be Rescued.

Special Correspondence.

MELBOURNE, March 29.—In the South Indian ocean on a barren and desolate island, thousands of miles from the active world and far from the course of ships, 11 men, shipwrecked there four months ago, are supposed to be still alive and awaiting rescue, which, unknown to them, is now at hand.

Determined to risk everything to save themselves and send rescue to their comrades who had no other hope of escape from a living death, the captain and two of his crew set out in a small dory on a 4,000 miles voyage to Australia. The odds against them were overwhelming but fortune favored the three brave men. After covering a thousand miles in their tiny craft, they were picked up nearly dead from exposure and exhaustion by a Dutch sailing vessel and brought to this port.

Clark Russell's novels contain no more thrilling tale of the sea than that told by Capt. Roe. He is a young and sturdy built Norwegian, with fair, curly locks and features which at once disclose his nationality. Since childhood he has been at sea, with the exception of six months, when, strange to say, he was a newspaper artist in Philadelphia. And now, at the early age of 25, he is the captain of a shipwrecked after crowding into the last 10 weeks more stirring incidents than usually fall to the lot of a sailor in a life time.

UPON THE ROCKS.

His story runs like this: The Norwegian bark Catherine, under his command, was on a sealing expedition in Antarctic regions. On the first of December the vessel was at anchor in American Bay, Possession Island. This is one of the barren and rocky members of the Crozet group way to the south of the Indian ocean, within the zone of floating ice from the Polar region. While the bay offered a good shelter from westerly winds, it was open to the east and when a gale sprung up from that quarter without warning, the small ship was at its mercy. The anchors dragged and the ship was soon thrown against an uncharted rock. The crew had barely taken to the boats when a monstrous sea dashed their abandoned vessel to pieces. Their own boats came within an ace of being swamped, but as they neared the beach a huge wave landed them high and dry on the island. There had been left there by a British warship 27 years before. The tins of preserved meat were a mass of rust, the biscuits had turned green, and the flour was in a rotten state. The desperate hunger did not deprive these things. They might as well die of poisoning as starvation. The mouldy flour was made into pancakes, and mixed with penguin soup. Seals as well as penguins were found to be as good as a steady diet only furnished men would adopt it.

NO OTHER HOPE.

From the first the captain had held that their only hope of ever being delivered from this terrible plight was for some of the party to set out in a boat on the 4,000 miles voyage to Australia, and if saved, send some ship to rescue those left behind. The crew regarded the scheme as a crazy one. There wasn't one chance in a hundred, they

Special Correspondence.

Paris, April 10.—A truly remarkable and probably unprecedented experience has just befallen little Georges Toulut, of Neuilly. At the early age of three years he has been sentenced by the criminal court to ten days' imprisonment for "assault and battery."

The plaintiff, M. Winkler, is a full grown man and it would puzzle a Philadelphian lawyer to guess how a child of three could have assaulted him.

The answer to the strange circumstance is this: The plaintiff alleges that he was assaulted by a man about his own age named Toulut, and he took out a summons against "Georges Toulut, But Georges Toulut happens to be aged three, and the father, whom the plaintiff really intended to prosecute, is Albert Toulut. But this was all unknown to the court, and when a defendant appeared in response to the summons, Georges Toulut was sentenced by default to ten days imprisonment for damages to M. Winkler.

The infant defendant has lodged an appeal—not by himself, as of course, he is under age, but by his father as legal guardian. But as the courts know of no case against any other Toulut, the three-year-old baby must appear in person in the prisoner's dock at the hearing on appeal. This will be quite an unprecedented occurrence, so far as is known here, but if the baby were not to come forward in person the appeal would fail and the conviction be confirmed. There is no doubt that the court will solemnly dismiss the charge against the infant who will be set free, probably by that time screaming.

RAG SORTING WORK.

This rag sorting work promises to de-